

# BILLY WHISKERS

By FRANCES MONTGOMERY

Billy Whiskers was hungry and was trying to find a picnic party to see if he could get at their lunch baskets and get something good to eat.

And, sure enough, when he limbed to the top of the knoll he found not picnicers but, better yet, their baskets of food, coats, hats and so forth. Picnicers he saw none, though the breeze roused to his ear their laughter and shouts from the foot of the opposite side of the knoll.

From the sounds, Billy knew they must be having some fun.

"I think I will go and just take a peep to see what they are doing before I begin to go through their baskets and eat what I like best," on second thought, I don't believe I will, either, for they might get through playing and come back before I was through eating all I want, as I am terribly hungry."

Had Billy only known who the people were that made up that picnic party he never would have topped to take even one bit of food, but would have run for dear life, to get as far away as possible. Instead, he stayed and began to nose around among the baskets and boxes that had food in them to see what tempted him most by the smell. He began on the biggest basket, but after smelling all I exclaimed: "That big one can't have any food in it at all. It must be the one that the dishes, napkins and tablecloth are in. Uch! I don't like the smell of this one! It must have sauerkraut in it. These people must be Germans!" The next basket he investigated was a mess of pickles and oranges. "Gee whiz! What kind of a uncheon have these people, anyway?"

My Goodness!

But as he spoke his nose uncovered a pasteboard box and there before him lay a thick layer cake of marshmallow chocolate with leopold icing on top, stuck full of English walnuts.

"Me for this!" said Billy, and he began to lick off the top, getting his long beard all stuck up with icing.

After eating half of the cake he left it and wandered on to another box. This had crisp lettuce and potato salad in it, and of course he ate it all and licked the dish. He was just beginning on some apples when he thought he heard the owl coming nearer and looking up, who should he see but the roupe of movie people from the studio! And he heard one of them exclaim: "My eye! If there isn't Billy Whiskers! And Jimmy rickets! he is eating our luncheon!" and out from the crowd shot Stubby and Nick.

"Well, I'll be switched," said Billy to himself, "if I haven't run into the whole company!" and in the twinkling of an eye he had turned and run down the opposite side of the knoll toward the stream. But horrors! What was he facing but all the men from the studio in bathing suits, coming up from their bath in the stream. Dressed like this and fresh from a cold plunge, they were in fine trim to run, and in less time than it takes to tell it the whole lot started to chase Billy, and they caught him before he had gotten fifty feet away.

### Tied Up

They led him up to where the autos were and tied him to the one in which he always rode. Then they made doubly sure he could not get away from them by chewing his rope by putting a chain around his neck.

"Now, old fellow, I guess you won't escape us," gloated Mr. Dates. "I should like to give you a good beating for the trouble you have given us."

"And so would I," added Mr. Benton. As for Mr. Strobel, he shook his fist in Billy's face and said: "We will work you hard and give you few favors for running away from us and causing us to lose so much time and money. But one thing now is that we have found you ourselves, and that will save us giving the five hundred dollars reward to someone else."

This evidently made Mr. Strobel feel good, as he walked away rubbing his hands together. For the rest of the day Billy lay behind the auto and chewed on bits of food they threw to him as they ate their luncheon. But at one time he really thought they would beat him, add that was when Mrs. Strobel discovered Billy had eaten the cake she had taken so much time and trouble to make.

### Driven Away

At last the day came to an end, as all days will, and Billy was put in the limousine and driven to the studio stables, where he was not only locked in, but also fastened to a stall by a chain. And as Nick closed the door, he said:

"Dar now, Master Billy, I hope you sleep well and have pleasant dreams, for they will be all the pleasant things that will be coming your way for one while, I'm thinkin'."

"Oh dear, oh dear! I wonder what awful tricks I shall have to go through. And I also wonder where Stubby and Button are, and if they are here or have escaped. I am almost certain they have made their escape and are miles away from here by now, and probably are looking for me."

No one came near him all the next day but Stubby and Nick to feed him, and he was left to pass the time as best he could. This was very slowly and proved hard

## Copper King's Heiress Is Won By Suitor From Across Ocean



Another American girl has been won by a suitor from across the sea. Miss Barbara Guggenheim, daughter of Solomon Guggenheim, "copper king," is to be married soon to R. Lawson Johnston of London. She is the second of her family to marry into an English family, her sister, Eleanor, having wedded Sir Castle-Stewart in 1920.

work for the active Billy, especially as the chain around his neck was heavy and prevented him from jumping around very much.

"I think it real mean in them to chain me up like this! A fellow can't even stretch himself properly."

The second day Billy was shut in, along in the afternoon the door to his stall was quickly opened and Stubby and Button were thrust in, or, I should say, emptied out of bags.

Some boys had caught them and brought them back to see if they would not get a reward, and, sure enough, Mr. Strobel gave them a most liberal one.

Presently Stubby and Nick came back with light chains and, putting one around each of their necks, then chained them in opposite corners of the stall and as far from Billy as possible.

"There, you three rascals! I guess you won't get away from us now. At least not until this play is finished." And with this parting thrust they left the stall.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" said Button. "That can't really be you, Billy, in the flesh, is it?"

"It surely is, old pal!"

"How, by all that is wonderful, did you get here?" asked Stubby. "I was quietly brought here in an auto and loaded down with chains, as you see. They must think I have hands and feet and pockets in my skin where I carry bunches of keys and files to unlock stable doors and file my fetters off so I can run away."

"I guess we are all in for it now," sighed Stubby. "Gee!" exclaimed Button. "I thought they would be through with me after I spit at and scratched their leading lady so badly!"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Billy. "That made the scene so realistic the audience will be crazy about it."

"Tell us where you have been, Billy," said Stubby. So Billy had just begun to tell them where he had been and all about the dogs he killed which were after the sheep when Nick appeared in the doorway and said:

"Come on, you big white rascal! You're wanted in the studio to put a laugh in a play Mr. Dates has already staged, and they am waitin' for you. If you like, I'll tell you what they want you to do, so you will be kind of prepared like."

[Billy will find out next time what they expect him to do in the picture.]

### Studebaker Bodies Attract Attention

Local exhibition of the new Studebaker models is bringing home to motorists with new force the fact that Studebaker manufactures its bodies and cars complete in its own plants.

Development of the new Studebaker duplex bodies—which for the first time in automobile history combine the advantages of the open car with the comfort and protection of the enclosed car—was made possible, authorities declare, by the fact that all Studebaker bodies are designed by Studebaker experts, working and thinking for Studebaker alone, and that the actual building is done in Studebaker's own modern, completely equipped \$10,000,000 body plants.

The new Studebaker models present striking beauty of appearance and finish, in which there is an instantly apparent note of originality. This is notable not alone in the longer lines, new lamps and fenders, higher radiators and sides on lower-hung bodies, but even in the finish and color schemes.

### NOTICE CALLING FOR BIDS ON FRANCHISE

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Trustees of the City of Torrance invites sealed proposals for the purchase of a forty-year franchise to maintain, operate, repair, alter, change and remove a pipe line system for the purpose of transporting crude mineral oil and its products, under, upon and along various streets and alleys in the City of Torrance in accordance with that certain application of Seaboard Petroleum Corporation, dated January 10, 1924, and on file in the office of the City Clerk of the City of Torrance.

It is the intention of the Board of Trustees of the City of Torrance to issue such a franchise for a period of forty years to the highest bidder in consideration of the payment of at least One Dollar (\$1.00) per foot to the City of Torrance for each line of pipe laid, as and when the same is laid, and the further payment to the City of Torrance of Two Percent (2%) of the pro rata proportion of income as provided for by the statutes of the State of California.

Said bids must be accompanied by a certified check in the sum of One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) to cover the costs incident to the issuing of such franchise, and a certified check in the sum of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500.00) as evidence of good faith, which \$500.00 is to be returned upon the completion by the franchise holder of at least one-half of the pipe line to be laid under such franchise. Checks of all unsuccessful bidders will be returned immediately.

Said bids will be opened on December 15th, 1924, at 8 o'clock P. M., by the Board of Trustees of the City of Torrance, in a regular meeting.

Dated, Torrance, California, November 18, 1924. ALBERT H. BARTLETT, City Clerk.

Torrance Electric Shop, Ph. 60-W.

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## AFFAIRS of the HEART

By Mrs. Thompson

### LOVES HIM JUST THE SAME

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I love a young man and I am sure he loves me, but sometimes he does not act like himself. When I speak of another boy friend he is sure to ask why I don't go with him. He tells me he can get many other girls. Also when I ask him if he loves me he says he does not. I have been going with him for over three months. Before I met him I went to dances and parties, but now I don't because he does not dance and he is very bashful. But I love him. Please tell me what to do. E. G.

The young man you love so dearly enjoys you as a friend, but tries to make you see he is not serious in his intentions. Do not ask him if he loves you, because that is not the woman's role in courtship. If he loved you he would show you by his actions and would even tell you so. In the future do not let the young man see that you care for him any more than he does for you and try to replace your thoughts of love with those of friendship. Do not mention other boys to him, because it is in bad taste and would only give him the impression that you were trying to make him jealous. Go to dances and parties as you did formerly. You have no reason to give them up, and doubtless the boy will like you better if you cease to show your preference for him.

### LOVE KNOWS NO CASTES

Dear Mrs. Thompson if you were a young man, educated, and with a good foothold in a solid profession, would you marry a sweet girl whose education was limited to the eighth grade of school and who had earned her living since by working in a store? I love her, but am appalled and yes, repelled sometimes by her ignorance of even common subjects and books. I have the social standing of the educated upper middle class. She is several grades below me in that way. But she has good manners, and her moral up-bringing is above reproach. I am afraid she loves me—and should be more afraid if I hesitated to put the important question. What do you think? What would you do? I am 25 and she is 20. R. L.

If there were any doubts in my mind about accepting that sweet girl as she is, I believe I would not put the question to her. You yourself are educated. Why not undertake systematically to improve her? Ask her how she would like to study with you a little. If you do not feel capable of doing that, here is another suggestion: Marry her, if you are sure you love her enough, then pay a private tutor to help her educationally. If you have made her love you, and you think you have, it is going to be a dreadful hurt to her if you do

### not follow up with the vital question.

### UNPOPULAR WITH BOYS

Dear Mrs. Thompson I am a very unhappy girl because I am not popular with the opposite sex. I have no trouble in making girl friends. I try to dress and do what I think is right. Could you give me any suggestions as to how I might develop my personality? I am slightly crippled. Don't you think that would make a difference? I am 20 years old and I long to enjoy myself as other young people do. BILLY.

Try to grow in intelligence, charm, sympathy and attractiveness of appearance. It may not be your lot in life to be very popular, but I think you will attract friends and sweethearts of the opposite sex. The fact that you are slightly crippled probably does stand in the way of popularity at present. But as you grow older and your personality ripens, you will not want for the experiences in life you crave. The fact that a woman is slightly crippled does not stand in the way of her marrying by any means.

THANK YOU: The only really satisfactory way to have your stiff collar and cuff set laundered is at a laundry. You might try using a stiff starch yourself, however.

### LADIES FIRST

"Do I understand you to say," asked the magistrate, "that when you heard a noise you quickly got out of bed, turned on the light and went to the head of the stairs—that a burglar was at the foot of the stairs and you did not see him? Are you blind?" "Must I tell the exact truth?" asked the witness, as he mopped his perspiring face and blushed furiously. "Yes, sir, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"Well," replied the man, slowly, "my wife was in front of me."

## LOMITA THEATRE

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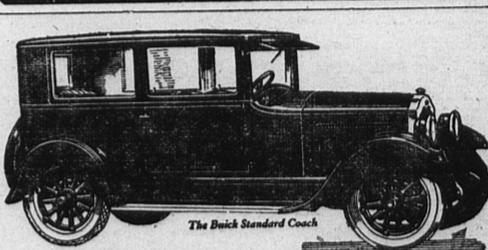
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